

MARCH, 1903.

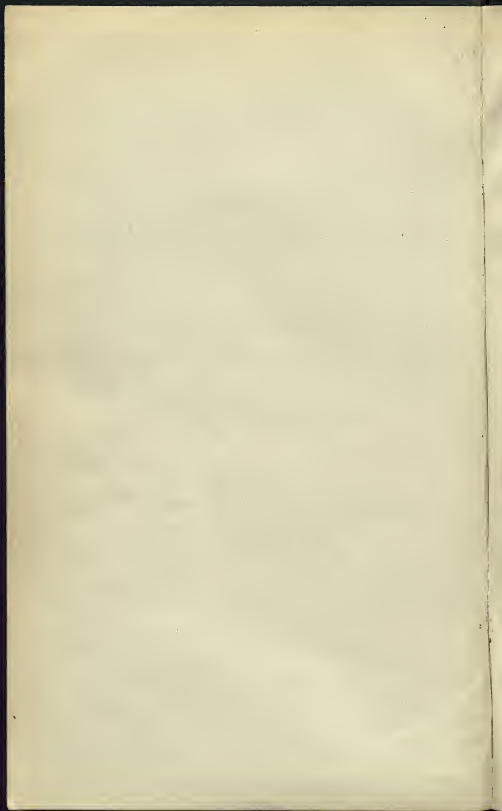


The  
**Hartley**  
**University College**  
**Magazine.**

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# THE Hartley University College Magazine.

VOL. III.]

MARCH, 1903.

[No. 7]

## Editorial.

**A**FTER a protracted investigation, extending over several months, the Enquiry Committee has at length issued its report, a document remarkable for the careful and detailed way in which it enters into every aspect of the management of the College Clubs and Societies, both in respect of constitution and finance. The recommendations of the Committee are equally full, detailed, and thorough. The keynote of the whole is organisation and representation. We have only been able to glance hastily at the proposals, and forbear to offer further remark or criticism until we have examined them at leisure. But every one who is connected in however slight a degree with any of the clubs or societies owes a debt of gratitude to the Members of the Committee for their unselfish and unremitting labour, and for the valuable report that they have prepared. May its fate be more glorious than that of many of the Blue Books prepared by Royal Commissions and Select Committees!

\* \* \*

The Engineering Society has taken deep root, and has become firmly established. The Annual Meeting and Conversazione, held on February 14th, was a highly successful function. Several well-known local engineers were present, and the new Honorary President, J. E. Wimshurst, Esq., delivered a very interesting address on engineering subjects, and displayed great interest in the proceedings of the society.

\* \* \*

At the end of January a Soirée was organised by the Magazine Committee with the object of providing funds for a block for the cover of the Magazine, and to obtain a working balance for the treasurer. Aided by the kind help of other

members of the College, the Committee had the pleasure of providing an enjoyable evening for their patrons, and of securing a balance of £3 13s. 5½d. for the Magazine funds. This excellent result is largely due to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. G. H. Green, who acted as secretary. In addition to his duties in this capacity, Mr. Green wrote the amusing farce, "Magazine Sidelights," which was much enjoyed by the guests.

\* \* \*

One more society! In another column will be found an account of the Chemical Society, which has been founded on similar lines to the sister society carried on by the Engineers. Papers are read on very abstruse and highly technical subjects, and the discussions are quite unintelligible to ordinary people. There is every promise of a career of usefulness for the new society. We wish it long life and much prosperity!

\* \* \*

We have to chronicle with regret the resignation of Miss Butler, who, after three years of earnest work in the Normal Department, has found it necessary to take a rest for a time on account of ill-health. On another page will be found more detailed reference to Miss Butler and her work by those who have been intimately associated with her. We trust that Miss Butler will speedily recover her wonted health.

\* \* \*

An account is given elsewhere of the formation of an Old Students' Association. It is to be hoped that this movement will develop speedily. Arrangements are being made for annual Cricket, Tennis, and Football matches between past and present students; also for the supply of the Magazine to members. There is some prospect of the formation of a branch in London, and the holding of an annual dinner in town.

\* \* \*

On another page will be found an attractive programme that has been drawn up for the Easter Re-union of Old Students by the secretaries of the H.U.C. Teachers' (Past Students) Association. Present students are invited to take part, and there is every prospect of a very successful gathering if only the elements are kindly.

#### COLLEGE NOTES.

THE first meeting of the new Council was held on March 2nd, the Duke of Wellington being in the chair. It is understood that the Duke proposes to attend regularly the meetings of the Council, and to take part in College business. At the meeting Mr. E. Gayton was re-elected Chairman of the Council, and Mr. T. Morgan was elected for the new position of Deputy-Chairman.

A donation of £100 towards the College funds has been received from the Duke of Wellington, who thus becomes a Life Governor of the College. Mr. W. W. Portal, Vice-President, and Dr. Richardson have become Annual Governors.

The Principal has been appointed one of the two co-opted "expert" members of the new Education Authority for the County Borough of Southampton.

Professor Hearushaw had the honour of being proposed for the second place.

The Hampshire County Council's scheme for an Education Committee for the county provides for a representative of the Hartley University College. The corresponding scheme for the County Borough of Bournemouth provides that the College shall be consulted with regard to the appointment of one of the co-opted members.

Prof. Eustice and Prof. Masom have been elected representatives of the Senate upon the College Council, and become thereby members of the Court of Governors.

Prof. Boyd, Prof. Hudson, and Prof. Hearnshaw have been elected representatives of the Senate upon the Court of Governors.

Under the new scheme former students of the College, being graduates, have the privilege of electing six representatives to the Court of Governors. It is interesting to note that about 20 former students were nominated for the office. The following, whom we now have the pleasure of congratulating, had the honour of being chosen to bear their share in guarding the fortunes of their *alma mater*:—Miss E. R. Aubrey, B.A., Mr. J. H. Boyt, M.A., B.Sc., Mr. F. P. Clarke, B.A., LL.B., Mr. S. T. Clark, M.A., Mr. J. T. Hewitt, M.A., D.Sc., Ph.D., Mr. E. W. Skeats, D.Sc. Dr. Hewitt secured the further honour of election by the Court of Governors as a member of the Council.

Heartiest congratulations to Mr. W. S. Fenwick, upon his splendid success in the B.Sc. Examination, which he passed with second-class honours in botany after one year's work. It will interest Mr. Fenwick's many friends to know that he has been appointed Lecturer in Biology at the South Norwood Polytechnic.

Two former students of the College, Mr. S. W. Smith, now of the Royal Mint, and Mr. Mainer, have also passed the B.Sc. Examination.

Another old student, Mr. F. P. Clark, has passed the LL.B. with honours. Mr. Clark has also been elected a member of the Court of Governors.

We are glad to hear that Mr. S. T. Clark, M.A., whose success in the Home and Indian Civil Service Examination was chronicled in our last issue, has received an appointment at the War Office.

Mr. F. J. Fletcher, a student of the Normal Department for two sessions (1900-02), and subsequently Assistant Master at the Bitterne Park Board School, Southampton, has been appointed to a Headmastership in the Transvaal. We offer him best wishes for the future.

At the meeting of the Southampton Literary and Philosophical Society on March 9th, Professor Hearnshaw lectured to a large audience on "The part that Southampton has played in the making of the Empire."

A new hostel for women students in the Normal Department will be opened next session in connection with the Convent in the Avenue.

The Literary and Debating Society held its annual open meeting on February 20th. Professor Boyd had kindly promised a lecture for the occasion on "Matter and Energy." An audience of some four hundred persons responded to the invitations sent out by the Society, and rarely at any College function has the body of the great hall been better filled. Those who assembled were rewarded by hearing a brilliant account of some of the recent advances in modern chemical and physical science. The lecture was illustrated by copious experiments and lantern slides. At the close a vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Chipperfield, J.P., seconded, on behalf of the Literary and Debating Society, by Mr. Alderson, and carried with acclamation.

The Travelling Secretary of the B.C.C.U. visited the College recently; and addressed meetings with a view to forming branches in this College. The movement has been taken up heartily, and the officers will be glad to receive the names of any other students who would like to attach themselves to the Society. The possibilities of good work that are open to such societies can hardly be estimated. We have no doubt that the youngest branches of the B.C.C.U. will be carried on with hearty enthusiasm.

#### INAUGURAL MEETING OF COURT OF GOVERNORS.

THE first meeting of the Court of Governors of the Hartley University College was held in the large Hall, on Tuesday, February 10th. The President was in the Chair, and there was a large attendance of influential representatives from all parts of the four counties.

In opening the proceedings, the Duke of Wellington said they had such a large agenda before them that he did not propose to occupy their time by making remarks on the importance of secondary or technical education. He asked them, however, to bear with him for a few minutes while he made a few remarks on the prospects of the College, which, as they all knew, had lately been put on a new footing. Its scope had been very much enlarged, inasmuch as it now comprised an area of three counties, and a governing body had been appointed. Anyone looking at the scheme must be struck by the very large number of the governing body, which was divided into three—the Court of Governors, the Council, and the Senate. The Court of Governors had been selected with a view to representing all the educational interests of the three counties, and it numbered 180 members. The Council numbered 43 and the Senate 9. Some of the names were shown twice as serving on the Court of Governors and on the Council, but, making allowance for that, the whole of the governing body numbered over 200 members. In a multitude of counsellors there was wisdom, so the Hartley ought to be a well-governed College. The increase in the area would give a very considerable amount of increased duties, and the change had come at an opportune moment. It was hoped that the College would take an important part in assisting the educational authorities in the county in carrying out their duties with regard to secondary and technical education. The County Council hoped to get all the assistance they could from the College. For the first time last year the College participated in a grant of £25,000 given by the Government to University Colleges whose incomes reached £4,000. The Hartley College now ranked with the University Colleges of London (3), Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Nottingham, Sheffield, &c. Those places were very large industrial centres, and they could hardly expect the Hartley, which was in the midst of three agricultural counties, to immediately jump into an equality with Colleges at the above places. Hampshire had two important seaports, but otherwise the county was purely agricultural. They found that in agricultural districts there was not that great demand for secondary education that there was in industrial districts, and that was forcibly proved by the accounts of the County Farm School—an admirably managed institution—which were laid before the County Council on the previous day. He observed from the accounts that during the year only twelve male students took advantage of the training afforded at the school. That was a proof that there was not a great demand for instruction of a technical character. The growth of the Hartley during the last few years had been rapid and continuous, and with the increased area they confidently hoped that the increase would continue even more rapidly. He



would suggest that it would not be wise to enter into ambitious schemes, such as rebuilding, or it would involve a very large financial outlay. It was a fashion of the times for public bodies to borrow freely as long as the object was a good one, and regardless as to how the money was to be repaid. He should strongly deprecate such a course as that. He strongly urged that they should see how they got on, and as opportunities arose they could increase the efficiency of the College in every way (applause).

Subsequently the College Statutes were passed and the Council appointed.

\* \* \*

In the evening the Duke of Wellington gave a reception, when a large number of guests spent a very pleasant time. The large hall was most attractively decorated, and it has probably never looked better than on this occasion. Choice palms, arum lilies, tulips, camellias, and other plants and flowers—kindly lent by Mr. W. Garton, Vice-President of the College—were arranged with rare skill and artistic effect. The galleries, pillars, etc., were draped with bunting and fancy muslin. The College was open for inspection, and the guests visited the various laboratories, and noted the many objects of interest in the museum and library.

At intervals during the evening there was music, the programme being under the charge of Mr. G. Leake. An orchestra, under Mr. E. Jones, also performed selections.

#### DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

THERE was a large and influential gathering on November 28th, 1902, when the Annual Distribution of Prizes took place. The large hall presented an animated appearance, gaily decorated, and crowded from floor to ceiling. The precincts, laboratories, and corridors were thronged with visitors.

The President (His Grace the Duke of Wellington) occupied the Chair, and was supported by the Vice-Presidents, Mr. R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P., Mr. E. Gayton, Chairman of the Council, the College Staff, and many others.

At the outset of the proceedings, Mr. Gayton said it was his honour and privilege to introduce to Southampton the new President of the College—the Duke of Wellington whose name, he said, was too well-known in history to need any special introduction from him, but he desired to impress upon them the fitness of his Grace holding the position of the President of the University College, an institution which they hoped would confer a great educational benefit upon the four counties represented in the scheme. In conclusion he mentioned, amid loud applause, that Mr. W. Garton had given them another generous

donation to enable them to secure the Government Grant for another year.

The President, who was received with an outburst of cheering, thanked Mr. Gayton for his kind personal references, and assured the audience of the pleasure and satisfaction it gave him to be present that evening. In referring to the conversion of the institution into a University College, he said the change had resulted from the general feeling throughout the country for an improved system of education, which was one of the great questions of the day. It was only thirty years ago that primary education was compulsory in this country, and up to the time of the present Education Bill there had been no national system for secondary education, which had been entirely left to private enterprise, assisted by local bodies and by small grants from the Treasury. In the new Bill provision was made for local bodies to assist secondary education. They must all hope that would be successful, but they must not expect too much at first because such things had to grow. In conclusion, he said he had expressed a hope that someone with more experience had been appointed President, but as he was assured that it would be for the interest of the College that he should accept the position he no longer hesitated, but gladly accepted the honour (applause).

The Principal then read the report, a very complete and clear account of the previous history of the College and its work during the past year. In conclusion, he suitably referred to the future in the following words:—A new era in the history of the College had commenced, and its future was full of hope. It was now established as a University College. Its responsibilities were enormously increased, continually-growing demands would be made upon its resources, its energies would be taxed to the uttermost, but there was every reason to believe that it would be found equal to the occasion. The motto of the College was "*Strenuis ardua cedunt*"—difficulties yield to persistent effort. He believed the College would live up to its motto, and would show itself able to cope with the numerous difficulties which it would have to face. In order, however, that it might be able to do this it would require assistance and support from all quarters. He was confident that this support would in the near future, as in the past, be ungrudgingly given it, and that it was destined for a prosperous and successful career, that its usefulness would increase and its influence extend until it had become what it ought to become—the centre of educational enterprise in this part of the country (applause).

Mr. Haldane, who had a good reception, made a splendid speech, full of enthusiasm for higher education, which he declared to be one of the greatest needs of the age. Mr. Haldane then distributed the prizes.

On behalf of the students, Mr. Denton, through his Grace the

Duke, presented Mr. Gayton with a handsome clock, surmounted with a figure, in recognition of the valuable services he had rendered the College (applause).

Mr. Gayton, who was taken by surprise, returned thanks for the token of appreciation, and said that he should highly prize the present and hand it down to his children.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Haldane, on the motion of the Mayor, seconded by Colonel Crichton, concluded the formal proceedings.

In returning thanks, Mr. Haldane said if he could be of any assistance to the College in Parliament his services were at their disposal (hear, hear), and he hoped his acquaintance with the College would not end when he entered the train for London (applause).

### A CONFIDENCE.

THE whole episode happened in the biological laboratory. I was sitting with one eye glued to the eyepiece of my microscope and the other tightly closed, watching intently the frantic movements of a pond-animalcule, when I heard a step outside and a violent scuffling close to me. I had thought I was alone, so I looked round. Meanwhile, the footsteps had proceeded into No. 2.

But that scuffling!

No one was about. What made me do it I do not know, but I opened the skeleton cupboard. A bony leg shot out, and had I not gripped it I might have been hurt. Then the wire-bound jaw began to wag.

"Excuse me," said the skeleton, "I thought you were the doctor."

I gasped.

"You see," it continued, "it's the ambulance afternoon, and I am determined that the insults perpetrated upon me week by week shall cease. So to-day I shall revolt."

He waved his arm frantically, and the whole mass of bones came rolling out towards me.

I backed and suggested the substitution of *révolue* for *revolt*.

"Ah!" said the skeleton, "I can only revolt by revolving. But I shall revolt. I won't have it."

He attempted to stamp and stumbled.

"Ah!" he said pathetically, "I forgot I had but one leg. The other's in the room by the black board. They use it for a pointer."

"But the insults?" I suggested.

The skeleton gave a hollow laugh from a very hollow diaphragm.

"They pull me about, and twist me and call me names."

He wept.

"They called me *radius ulna* and *tibia fibula* only last week. And they bandage me and tie me up. They bind three-cornered bandages round my skull; and one of them tapped my chin. She wouldn't have done it if I had only been alive!" He paused and waved his arm. "Then there are those Gordon boys; one of them actually laughed at me." Here the hollow diaphragm heaved with emotion.

"Gordon boys!" I exclaimed, "Whatever for?"

"They nurse them," he said. "They lay them on a table and bandage them. They like it."

The skeleton, I may note, used the personal pronoun third person plural very indiscriminately.

"Give it to those who do like it, I say," he continued. "Do you know that the other day one of the students stood back to back with me and said I wasn't so very tall after all?" He sighed again.

"Only one man has treated me kindly since I have been here," he went on, "and that was the College porter." He lifted me and carried me tenderly downstairs once—through crowds of students, some laughing and some shrieking. But he didn't mind. He only hugged me closer to him, and went on. But that ambulance class ——" Then a footstep was heard. The skeleton shuddered, his bones rattling like castanets. Then the footsteps came closer. The skeleton rushed into his box and slammed the door. "But the ambulance class? Tell me more about it," I said, and tugged at the door. The bones inside rattled as the skeleton held fast. Then I pulled harder, and ———

Well, the College bell is noisy enough to wake one.

THE MICROBE.

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## LETTER FROM UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, READING.

DEAR SIR,

The interest of college life here lies not so much in the formation of new clubs and societies, or in the conception of new methods of intellectual and social improvement as in the working and development of institutions already established. Possessing, as we do, societies representing almost every line of activity, intellectual, social, and athletic, we are chiefly anxious not to evolve more societies but to persevere in the care and support of societies already existing. In a word, we have arrived at that stage of academic life where conservation, not innovation is necessary.

Hence the present moment is one of critical importance in the life of the College; for it is a commonplace of history that it is not revolution but stagnation that is dangerous to a state

and what applies to the history of nations applies, in a measure, to the history of colleges. Our danger is not that we shall innovate too little, but that we shall conserve too much. Societies which have sprung into existence through some crying need show a tendency to decay when the urgency of that need is satisfied. Clubs which owe their existence to the efforts of certain vigorous originators lose their vitality when these first energetic supporters have gone their way.

But the cure for this possible stagnation lies in the care of the students. The men should mould the institutions as well as the institutions mould the men. On the whole there is little danger of the College clubs and societies losing their vitality so long as the types of students are so many and so varied. Our chief characteristic as a College is variety of life; and this is the source at once of our weakness and of our strength. The variety of intellectual types to be found in the students of agriculture and of art, of classics and of science, of history and of music, is only to be excelled by the variety of social types represented by public schoolboy and pupil teacher, amateur artist and Somersetshire farmer.

Yours truly,

A STUDENT OF U.C.R.

### A THREE WEEKS' CYCLING EXCURSION IN NORMANDY, BRITTANY, AND MAINE.

ON Tuesday evening, at the end of last August, B and I left Southampton with our bicycles by the Cherbourg steamer. The harbour lights having vanished in the distance, we turned in to sleep off the fatigue of strapping and buckling our luggage on the machines. At 5 o'clock the next morning we were on deck again, the sun rising over calm waters in a cloudless sky, the shore fast approaching. Our bicycles were landed amid much slipping and twisting, owing to their load and the narrowness of the gangway; the customs cleared we jumped on our saddles and made for the town. We first of all had breakfast at the Hotel de Paris, on the Quay, and, having procured maps, we discussed the best way of beginning our tour. After lunch, in the glory of a noonday sun, as the clocks were chiming twelve, amid the animation of the dinner hour, we left Cherbourg, and at once entered the rich pastures and flat landscape leading to Calvados. Valognes came in sight at about 4 o'clock, to afford us a light repast, and Carentan at 10, to end our first day's run. Our next stage was Bayeux, then Caen, where we stayed several days to overhaul our machines and luggage before penetrating the mountainous region beyond.

The scenery was now totally changed ; rocky woodland, precipitous gorges, and broad streams. How we spun down those hills to the merry hum of our well-oiled bearings, how we worked up those ridges, and strove to get our artillery over the heights ; then those short cuts with broken ground, from which it took us hours to extricate ourselves. Shall we ever forget the treacherous ford where B, availing himself of a rickety foot-bridge defended by privet and willow bushes, came off with a torn jacket and scratches all over his face, whilst I, myself, trying to ride through, nearly got drowned and lost my shoes ; and our entry into Domfront, working bare foot on rat-trap pedals, with clothes torn and muddy, and the looks of those who witnessed it.

On the Brittany border the landscape changed again ; it was like passing from Derbyshire into Devon. We did not, however, leave Normandy without one more mishap. Heliographic flashes from B's front tyre revealed two large hobnail heads stuck there, two gems from the native footgear. At Fougères we decided to make for Laval, where some luggage awaited us, by two different routes. B was to pass through Mayenne and I through Vitré. My friend left early in the morning in spite of a very stiff but favourable wind. His diary reads : Whisked along at 30 miles an hour—drifting downpours of rain, slippery ground—blown over a mud heap into a ditch, then again into a hedge by hurricane—midway inn and reviving blaze of faggots—fried sausages and effervescing bottle of last year's vintage—left after storm in good form, and ended ride in a glorious sunset. For myself I made no start till the next day, when the hedgerows were steaming in the pure morning air. Calling at Montautour village, where the traveller gets a most admirable panoramic view, I rode through wild yet fertile tracts. Fields brimming over with produce alternated with patches of sand covered with gorse and bracken, or granite crags overgrown with broom. Further on I passed a series of small lakes, the banks of which afforded a rest in flowery groves or on a pebbly shore.

At one point I had the surprise of recognising in the far distance Montautour Church tower, with its statue signalling across to another church tower miles away to the east on another height. Laval lies in a valley hemmed in by steep hills, on the top of which are built the more recent buildings ; these can be descried afar off in the blue haze of the horizon and the effect is charming. So also was the approach to the town, down the long incline, past the barracks, beneath the railway bridge as a train rattled by, gliding down the smooth straight piece of road of nearly two miles before reaching the pavement of the streets. It was five o'clock as I stood in a large open space with gardens on one side, a broad river on the other, shops, cafés, the fish-

market, post-office, and town-hall all round one centre, from which roads radiated in many directions. I wheeled my bicycle over to a seat by the water side from which could be seen, up and down stream, bridges, white tracery steeples on both banks, an old dungeon on a hill-top, and villas amid foliage on the heights around. I had hardly seated myself when B appeared jolting over a badly paved corner. He too, noticed me almost at once, and we congratulated each other on so fortunate a meeting. He had arrived from Mayenne a few hours before and had already selected a comfortable hotel. Our machines and kit wanted overhauling, and we agreed upon a series of excursions in that neighbourhood during the following week. We first of all explored the forests and cliffs along the banks of the river Mayenne and its tributaries, the Jouanne, the Erve, and the Vicoin, the valleys of which rivers are remarkable for their fertility and boldness of landscape. On the Monday we set out for the first of the tours in our programme. Steering due north we pedalled full pressure along the tow-path for over 20 miles, enchanting sites following one upon another; white turretted mansions or crumbling farm houses perched on overhanging rocks; woods of firs and beeches rising abruptly on either bank and cut by deep ravines; long rows of poplars where the stream had a straight course. We reached the Coëvron range, the highest point in Western France, towards the middle of the afternoon, and rode on to sleep at Jublain, celebrated for remains of a Roman camp in very good preservation. Our next journey also began with a ride along the tow-path but in the opposite direction, down stream and due south. For some part of the way we had to dismount about every hundred yards to open self-closing field gates, but this retarding our progress we ran off by a side road along which we made up for lost time.

We got into Château-Goutier just as the small steamer was casting off for Angiers, where we went, returning with the boat the next day. We took, on the return journey, a route past a lake, on the banks of which stood a well preserved mediæval castle. The two knights-errant made themselves at home in a corner at the top of a machicolated tower and refreshed their energies with some light provisions which they had brought, watching the moon rise from behind the hills opposite. From our headquarters our last run was to the south-east, to some caves, which are said to extend to a great distance underground and to be in parts unexplored. Our guide took us through mysterious halls and down dark pits, in which the rumbling waters beneath were made to sparkle in the light of magnesium flashes. Our ride back was eventful. Leaving one of those wide, straight roads which, for purposes of strategy, stretch for many miles without a bend, and in the hope of getting relief from the terrifying perspective of its endless undulations we

took to less frequented by-ways. As we travelled on, a covey of partridges rose in a neighbouring field to cross our road. One of them, hitting the telegraph wire, fell stunned before us, and B, picking it up, fastened it on his handle bar in expectation of good things to come. He was now 50 yards ahead, enjoying a delightful piece of apparently safe coasting when, unexpectedly, he found his way barred by a rope, fastened at one end to a restive horse and held at the other by a frightened old woman. His brake blocked by the bird, my friend caught the rope well in the middle. I saw him shoot up on high, take an elegant close-footed leap over his handle bars, and land erect ten paces further on the road. He was still in the air when the crash made the horse spring forward with no less alacrity, and the halter, catching the machine, sent it flying over the hedge, where it was found in a comatose condition, minus the partridge, which, no doubt recovering its wits at this second misadventure, had also found the use of its wings again. We were, however, able to continue our journey, and B forgot his disappointment over an excellent supper in the evening.

It was now time for us to get under way for England again. Our route lay through Pontorson, skirting Mt. St. Michael's Bay. We met with no hindrance save from flocks of geese or sheep occasionally blocking the way. At dusk, the loud croaking of frogs, or the faint sound of a distant village bell, forboded the morrow's fine weather. At night, the hedgerows glittering with glow-worms, or the lit-up window of some peasant's hut, broke the monotony of a late ride. We ran out of our course to visit Granville and Coutances, and the third day after entering our return journey St. Malo came into view. The dusty bicycles were brought to the English boat, and we went to celebrate the happy conclusion of our tour in the three Western provinces by a hearty supper at the Rocher de Cancale, on the Place du Marché.

L.L.

#### AN EXAMINATION.

AT last the day arrived and the Examination had begun! But what need to describe it? It was even as others are. The room with its carefully isolated desks, the incessant scratch of pens, varied occasionally as a man would stop and bite the holder or tug his moustache (when he happened to have one on him), in search of an inspiration; the "bull-dogs" wandering aimlessly about the room or supplying fresh paper—who is not familiar with the spectacle? I think a bill should be introduced to suppress "invigilators," they are really a great nuisance, and not only when a man is anxious to inspect his spotless-shirt cuffs, but it is so distracting to see people doing



absolutely nothing while you are being worked to death in the attempt to write down everything you know in three hours. I remember two who once started a little conversation *sotto voce* behind my chair; it was very aggravating, and I was constrained to turn and cast on them a glance like that with which the hero of polite romance is accustomed to "wither up" the villain. I cannot say that it had quite so striking an effect, but they went away.

I am afraid, however, that the presence of these gentlemen must continue to be a necessary evil of public examinations, and that the law will do nothing to help us—strange, is it not, the incompleteness of even 20th century educational legislation? Perhaps the principle might still be embodied in an amendment.

It is interesting to the student of human nature, and of course it was in that capacity that I was there, to observe the varied conduct of candidates in an examination.

Dismissing as beneath our notice the man who drives up in a hansom and merely strolls into the room for half an hour, one may find exponents of every plan of attack—from those who walk calmly into the building, chat on indifferent topics in the corridors, and enter the room as soon as the doors are opened, so that the enemy shall not take them unawares, and whom arrival of the paper finds with coat carefully arranged on the back of their chair, and collar and cuffs so adjusted as to cause the minimum amount of inconvenience. From these, I say, we find all degrees down to the men who carry a heavy bag of books which they devour wholesale in the ante rooms; passing from these to the note books until as the doors are opened they emerge into the corridors covering small sheets of paper filled with specially selected "tags" designed to arrest the attention of the examiner; they are trying to follow out the advice, "If they ask for it give them, if they don't give 'em all the same."

Then there is the man who carefully plans his answer, with rough sketches and diagrams, in the hope that the result may be a beautiful and symmetrical whole, while his neighbour rushes into the answer without any time to think, happy if he succeeds in filling a record number of answer books: and I am told that in England bulk goes for a great deal, so perhaps they are wise in their day.

C.

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## TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

(Being the experiences of a Freshman in 1923).

**T**O-DAY, for the first time, I commence my studies at this eminent College. I arrive punctually at 8 o'clock—remember it is my first day, and I believe implicitly in the timetable—but find no one about, except a small boy who is belabouring the stairs with a very large broom, and choking me

with dust. I enquire if I have arrived at the correct time. "Time? Oh, yes! That's when we're supposed to begin, but you'd better wait a bit. I should go to the Common Room if I were you. You'll probably find our tame ping-pongist there, or, failing him, the "Hartley Football News," I take the small boy's advice, and seek the Common Room. I find it by following a tobacco smoke trail round the pillars and down the corridor, and for an hour I sit absorbed in an account of Hartley's splendid win against New York, in the Anglo-Saxon Empire Cup Semi-Final. At last a few gentlemen saunter aimlessly in, all tired and languid, but all unanimous in their abuse of the local climate.

A clanging and a clashing comes from the front of the building. At once my companions commence ping-ponging with vigour. "Lecture time!" a man tells me as he asks me to make a fourth at whist.

We finish our game and stroll leisurely with some of the ping-pong players into a class-room, whose sole furniture consists of blackboards, desks, and a red hot stove. The atmosphere of the room is actually visible and tangible, and to mend matters, an officious student immediately lights the gas. The time passes pleasantly in song, until at length the professor arrives. He makes a dart for the blackboard, covers it hastily with mystic signs, wipes them out and — commences again. Meanwhile, he converses inaudibly to himself. At last a temporary lull in his soliloquy is the signal for a rush to the Common Room. After a languid interval we proceed to another room. More formulæ! And what can they not prove? The Suetonius Paulinus method of lymph extraction from oysters, the morals of poster-defacing, etc.—all are proved by formulæ.

The lecture over, I follow my companions to a long room—apparently a reading room—where everyone seems to be talking at the top of his voice.

Slowly I move to the other end of the room, and am accosted by a series of gentlemen after the following manner:—

"Excuse me, but do you play football? Yes? You are playing in goal for the 2nd XI this afternoon. Thanks. Two-thirty. Shirley."

"Pardon—you will propose that 'Ping-pong is a more scientific game than hockey' at the next debate. Friday. Hall. Name? Thanks."

And I have not said a word. But they have not yet finished.

"We have elected you to represent your department on the Æromobile and Sub-marine Club. Name? Thank you."

"Sorry, but your sub. to the H.U.C. Psychological Research Society is due. Five shillings, please." He is bigger than I, and presumably a volunteer. "Thanks. Give you a receipt some time soon."

"I beg pardon —" Ah! this man is smaller than I, so I

strike him with a Poyser and fly. I board a tramcar and make good my escape. I gain my "diggings" with mixed feelings, and after dinner and a quiet smoke I come to the conclusion that Hartley University College is indeed a great institution.

## SECOND SIGHT.

### JEBBS.

**F**AFFODILS, lilies of the valley, violets, and—Pardon me, gentle reader, I forgot that you did not know Jebbs. I knew him well. He "dugged" next door to me, and used to turn into my den every night for a smoke and a chat. However unfaithfully we kept to our "time-table" during the day, from ten to twelve at night was always devoted to Jebbs and Chester Shag. How I long now for the happy hours then spent, oftener than not chaffing Jebbs, or attacking some of his pet theories, till we made him cross and angry. We never quarrelled, for his passionate, impulsive tendencies were kept well in hand by this kindhearted and generous fellow. The anger usually ended in laughter and smoke. In spite of an intimate friendship which lasted all our college days, I never knew the real self of Jebbs. Or, as the Autocrat would put it, he never gave any of us the key to the side-door of his heart. Had he a home? We knew not. We were certain that he never spoke of it. To us he was like Melchisedec, "without father, without mother, without genealogy"—no relatives, no ties of any kind, no father to help him, no mother to pray for him, no kind sister to pet him, no brother to quarrel with occasionally, and no sweet maiden to love him. He dwelt alone in this wide world, lonely as a lark in the heavens, and perhaps just as happy. His good-heartedness alone made us very fond of him. Yes, he was everybody's favourite, and nobody's friend. Poor old Jebbs. We never made any attempt to penetrate into the mystery of his life, though we often speculated as to how he managed to keep body and soul together. Rumour had it that he lived on a small annuity which some kind relative had left him. It was none of our business, and our curiosity was extinguished by sympathy and fellow feeling. His pride served to hide his pitiful poverty, and his cheerful, serene manner helped him and us to forget it.

To pass London Matric. was his one great ambition. He worked hard week in, week out, plodding at his Latin or his mathematics till his brain was "one seething mass of confusion," as the descriptive writer would say. It required no effort on our part to persuade him to take plenty of physical exercise. He was a very good athlete, and a member of all our athletic clubs, but his impetuous nature made him carry study and

athletics too far, so that he was really injuring both body and mind.

I well remember the last time he went in for Matriculation—his tenth attempt, I believe. How many Histories of England and text books of Chemistry and Latin Authors he had read I could never tell. In his desultory reading he had accumulated a vast amount of information which was stored in his mind in a higgledy-piggledy heap, like the journals in the College library. This time, however, he had made up his mind to pass the examination. It was to be a fight to a finish.

On the last day of the exam., after finishing my first question in the paper on Mechanics, I chanced to look in the direction of Jebbs. I could see him in his usual thoughtful attitude—not a word yet written down—his left hand on his chin, his head inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees to the vertical, and his eyes gazing far away into space, “to the last point of vision and beyond.” There was a weary and almost painful expression on his face, and his cheeks glowed with a feverish flush. I felt sorry for him, poor fellow, for I knew, by what he had told me himself many a time, what was passing through his mind. Something after this fashion, “mensae—mensas—multiplied by molecular weight equal to—co-efficient of friction—battle of Hastings, 1066,”—so on in endless confusion. His brain was in a similar state to that of most persons thirty seconds before dropping off into a doze. Then his head dropped, and his face wore a look of despair and anger. Having derived no help from space he gazed intently on the floor, and at last sighed a deep, heavy sigh.

“Neither the angels in Heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,”

seemed to give him any help. Poor old Jebbs.

When I looked next he was busily writing. After coming out he informed me that he had done moderately well. “I attempted half the questions and wrote two books,” he said. The same old game, I thought, two books full of irrelevant matter, for when Jebbs started writing he could spin out a long yarn bearing more or less on the question—usually less. His system seemed to be to unload all his information and let the examiner choose what he wanted. This was usually a bad bargain for both, Jebbs lost marks and the examiner lost his temper.

Anxiously, yet hopefully and cheerily, we spent those long weeks of waiting for the result. Jebbs was never so hopeful, and his confidence of success sometimes made me very sad.

One day as we were walking together on the hillside beyond the college, he exclaimed “See there, two crows, that means luck. We’ll be through old man.” I made an attempt at sharing his joyful faith, though I was very doubtful about my own result. I am not superstitious myself, but I would rather see

two crows than one, and I don't like dreaming of cats and blood. Jebbs, on the other hand, was continually on the look-out for his two crows, and tried to twist every dream into an omen for his success.

At last the day of publishing the list came; that day which so many had been looking forward to, and had so often dreaded its coming. After all, the sun rose just as on any other day, and the milkman and the postman came just as usual. It was only an ordinary—a very ordinary day for the world; but an eventful day for us. What a crowd there was around the notice board waiting for the list! To mention only a few, there was Thomson, whose success was certain, but who was all of a tremble and sickly pale with nervous fever. There also was little Jones perched on a stool—he was our Zaccheus, brimming over with excitement which now and then would burst out into the strains of our College Song. Yonder stood Wolfe—the strong six-foot captain of the football team, looking on calmly, feeling absolutely certain of his success, simply looking on as unmoved as a mountain looks on the torrent that hurriedly tears down its side. Suddenly the clerk appeared with the long expected list. Everyone began to scan it and to count the blue marks opposite the names of “our boys.” Little Jones, after seeing his name, jumped down from his perch, ran along the corridor, shrieked and shouted and screamed, and inflicted a fatal kick on his poor mortar-board. It no longer fulfilled Euclid's definition of a square. Its sides became unequal, and its angles all wrong angles.

\* \* \*

But where was Jebbs? We had forgotten him and had not noticed his absence from the crowd. Alas, Jebbs was our only man who was “ploughed.” “Where is Jebbs?” one asked. “Is he through?” cried another. The mutual congratulations suddenly changed into expressions of sympathy with our unlucky friend. Three of us determined to go and look for him and cheer him up. It didn't take us long to walk down to his “digs,” and on the way we discussed the best methods of spending the afternoon, so as to help him forget his disappointment. We rushed into his room, but he was not there. On the table there was an opened telegram. We could not help seeing the one word it contained, beside the address, written in a bold hand. It was the solitary word—*wanting*—a word which has eaten into the hearts of hundreds of the lads and lasses of this country. I am not ashamed to say that tears filled our eyes. Presently his landlady appeared and told us he had gone upstairs about a quarter of an hour since. To run up to his bedroom was the work of a few seconds. With a bound and a leap we reached the door, knocked, and noisily entered the room. “Oh Heaven,” I cried, “look!” Yes, there he was, lying on his bed, warm, pale, and dead. Dead, as we immediately thought, and, as the

inquest afterwards confirmed, of a broken heart. We knelt down beside him and wept.

On every anniversary of that day we, who passed matric. that year, send a floral tribute to his memory. These are my contributions for this year. With these flowers the women students dress the frame of his portrait which hangs in the common room.

"X."

### RAMBLING NOTES.

(From the Diary of the Hon. Sec. of the Pedestrian Club.)

JAN. 14TH.—Met in Hostel Grounds. Waited for May to put on her hat. Started an hour later. Tram. Portwood. Great discussion at Terminus. Got on a laundry van. Good ride. Cheaper than tram. Got to Eastleigh. Woke Flo up and got out of van. Took train at Eastleigh. Must have been worried at time. Train went to Winchester. Train back. Awfully late at Hostel. After six. "Rules is rules, etc." Sleepy. Like walking.

JAN. 24TH.—Tram. Portwood. Walked to North Stoneham. Sat on graves for half-an-hour. Found them damp. Took violent exercise to avoid getting influ. Hot. Sat on graves again to get cool. Lost our way. Jenny acted as guide. Arrived Woolston 5.30 p.m., Hostel at six. "Rules is rules, etc." Sleepy. Love walking.

JAN. 28TH.—Wet. Held meeting at Hostel. Walked up and down stairs. Walking a good exercise. Delight in it.

JAN. 29TH.—Had to visit school at Bitterne. Tram to Park. Half-mile to school. Had to walk. No laundry van. Hate walking.

PEDESTRIENNE.

### REMINISCENCES OF M. D'ARBI.

(concluded).

#### III.

IT is a very remarkable feature of Englishmen that as soon as they know a few words of any foreign language they are anxious to air them. The result is sometimes successful, sometimes disastrous, but generally amusing.

\* \* \*

For instance, a certain Englishman once addressed his cabman in Paris as "*cochon*" instead of "*cocher*." The cabbie promptly descended from his elevated position and set about teaching the Englishman manners, and I don't blame him.

The following inscription in huge capitals adorns a restaurant not a hundred miles from Leicester Square:—

“*Grande Café de l'E——*”

Café is a masculine noun. The inscription as it stands can hardly give Frenchmen an exalted idea of the standard of education in England.

\* \* \*

Less than a day's walk from Charing Cross Station one may come upon another interesting specimen of the Englishman's French. This announcement meets the eye:—

“*Ici on change toutes sortes d'argents étrangères.*”

The correction of the many “howlers” in this sentence is left to the patient reader.

\* \* \*

This is how an English lady recently committed herself in Paris. Addressing a cabman, she said, “*Cocher, êtes-vous fiancé?*” “*Non madame,*” he replied. “*Alors conduisez moi à l'église!*” If the lady had been better acquainted with French she would have asked “*Etes-vous libre?*”

\* \* \*

Probably this lady was some connection of the gentleman who said “*Il faut que j'aille au bourreau (executioner),*” when he meant to say “I must go to the office (*bureau*).”

\* \* \*

Two English tourists were staying at a hotel in Paris, and on the day of their arrival, one of them started out for a walk, leaving his friend in the rooms. On the way out he said to the chambermaid “*Ne laissez pas le fou sortir.*”

\* \* \*

Without wasting space in describing the steps taken to restrain the supposed lunatic, I may further explain that his friend meant only to give directions concerning the fire. But he did not realise the defects in his own language. “To go out,” as applied to fires is one thing, and “to go out,” as applied to persons is another.

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#### A WHEELING: ITS WOES AND WEALS.”

**F**RIENDS! Roamers! and Cyclingmen! I approach, not as a meteor traversing the ambient vault of the celestial realm with decisive force, but as a frail barque on the turbulent waters of literature, dreading consignment to the Stygian shadow of the mid-wave hollow, gasping spasmodically with exultation at the bare idea of perching on the glist'ning crest. Gentle reader, when—in my slumbers—visions of

editorial sanctums, saturnine editors, waste paper baskets, quills, blue leads, gum pots, damp proofs, copy and type are jumbled together in a confused conglomeration, my senses reel, and the soothing go-to-service molecular motion of my molar members is transformed, as by magic, into molar convulsions with castanet accompaniment. Sad fishery! But, later I cast-a-net again, and in answer to my quest another vision comes. I see my maiden effort accepted by the Hartley Mag.—a soft, pervading warmth suffuses me with a delicious got-a-new-blouse sensation; my quivering trepidation vanishes into thin air—perhaps to aggravate Marconi—and I attempt an imitation of our Spring Poet's mysteriously engineered sweep.

This sublunary sphere is cold, calculating, and unpoetical. My sweet, rhapsodical nature is often chilled by the sneers and phlegmatic doctrines of the beef-eating, cannibalistic John Bull; by minute interrogations into details (a poetic mind abhors details and abandons them to members of the research fraternity. I, gallant knight of chalk and duster, see visions, as clearly as the Editor of the "Christian Herald"); by cruel aspersions upon the reliability of my narratives. All these united develop a lachrymose disposition, and I bid fair to become a confirmed hypochondriac.

How we dreamed of that tour! Existing records we meant to break, and, in their stead, finer make. Picture post cards we'd send home from everywhere we'd chance to roam. Of snapshots we would snap a lot, of things in general and "what not." In the night we'd ride without lamps, praying for encounters with dirty tramps. We dreamt of rescuing maidens fair, lost in whirlpools of despair. Fruit we intended obtaining free, easing the load of the farmer's tree. For a change we'd sleep in barns, increasing a natural store of yarns. Oh! Campbell! I agree with thee, 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view. Our conjointly borne testimony should surely suffice.

'Twas a beautiful morn in August, 1899, when Phil and I, to the merry tintinnabulation of our spring bells, commenced our fateful journey awheel. How the natives admired. I live that blissful moment again—the admired of all admirers. Julius Cæsar, when he stood on the island of St. Helena and defied the lightning, must have experienced some such emotion. How our relatives, friends, and the girls we left behind us sobbed and wept bitter, briny tears at the parting. My old dad's final solemn injunction rings in my ears to this day, "Joseph," he whispered tremulously, whilst the tears trickled down his furrowed cheek, and his voice broke (oh! vain was the search for seccotine). "Joseph, my boy, remember, come what may, never sleep in a field with the gate open, you might catch a cold." Gentle reader, sympathise with me. I gulped some temporary obstacle in my throat. My eyes were bedimmed by this token



of affectionate solicitude. I thought of the other Joseph; I thought of the other father; I thought of the prodigal's return; I thought of the fatted calf, and—well! I looked around for Phil.

About fifteen miles from home my bike seemed imbued with a magnetic impulse towards Phil's "Velox." It careered swiftly across the road and skimmed his hind wheel. Simultaneously the ground heaved convulsively and I discovered a new constellation. Whilst I lay in meditative mood, ruminating upon my fallen state, Phil—he's a peculiarly nice, sympathetic type of chum is Phil—calmly repeated in that beastly, irritating, soughing wind-in-the-tree monotone, the words of the immortal philosopher (honestly, no pun intended; we all get our Phil of that diet) Bob Muffles—"What is our bodies and all our passions?—A dust bin vitalized."

We remounted—inwardly I craved for excitement, and it came. We were coasting Tumble Down Dick, one of Glamorgan's graveyard agencies, when Bang!!—Phil's front tyre burst, and he was soaring gracefully over his handle bars. My sympathy was touchingly intense, and, like the bereaved widower, "I laughed till I cried." Pathetically I reminded him that we were but vitalized dust bins. Somehow he did not seem pleased by this reciprocal system of moralising. Whilst we were replacing the repaired tyre, a burly farmer, mounted on a burly cart-horse, halted near. Noting the sad state of affairs he grinned tantalisingly, and shouted "servo di'n right," a thoroughbred mongrel Welsh for "serve you right." His sweet smile haunts me still. We vowed vengeance dire and deep. We remounted, Phil's "Velox" having been duly pumped, and soon overtook "his burliness." I might have substituted "his wholeness" and be correct to five places of decimals. A little further along the road Phil surreptitiously dropped a cardboard five shilling piece. When the ton, or thereabouts, of adipose tissue perceived the coin he proceeded to dismount. With sundry groanings, gruntings, and gaspings, this operation was successfully manœuvred. We waited forty minutes observing his futile attempt to remount. In the interval he exhausted all the choicest chunks from Chaucer to Channing. We then rode back and, parrot-like, saluted him with "servo di'n right." Not being favourably impressed by the apoplectic glitter in his eye we left him to chew the cud of reflection in peace, and scorched into Cardiff. I verily believe that burly farmer is still on that moor, like Lucy Gray, endeavouring to mount that burly cart-horse, unless he has been lifted by hydraulic power.

We were riding through the sleepy village of Longholme, in Somerset, when I perceived a hound basking in the sunshine—no relation of the hound Baskerville. Alas! thereby hangs a tale. I never could resist temptation when I could, by yielding, induce dogs and cats to give of their melody. It may be

"unfeline" on my part, but "love for song" condones the fault. You declare there is no sweetness in the tones of either cats or dogs, and there you err. Is not that cat serenading on the tiles at the witching hour of midnight "mewsical"? Is not "canine" evidently derived from the Latin "cano"? Does not the term "dogsology" sweep aside all contradictions? This hound seemed a veritable invitation to my debased tastes. His tail projected in a beautifully symmetrical curve fairly across my path. Yes, with a blush of shame, I confess that I deliberately, with preconceived intention, rode over that artistically placed tail. But, woe is me. So deeply enamoured was I of my project, so engrossed in calculations *re* that canine appendage, that I noticed not an approaching damsel until a disastrous collision had occurred. That maiden fair kissed mother earth, and I promptly did likewise. Phil insists upon uttering rot about essence of tulips and actions for assault. I'd smashed some eggs and had to "shell" out 1/6. During the squabble, that hound squatted on its hind legs and barefacedly laughed. Moral, never collide with ladies carrying eggs, you might be hounded out of society.

I always reverently bare my head when anyone mentions meteorological. The wonderful way in which millions of stars, millions of miles away, are at the beck and call of the meteorological experts, is always a source of awe and admiration to me. When the mandate was issued unto the stars that they must shoot on the 16th of that fateful month of August, I harboured no thought of their disobedience; I was positive that "shoot" they would. We determined that the 16th should be an all night ride. Dame Fortune seemed to have predestined us for scrapes. Speeding down a steep declivity after Phil, I suddenly heard him shout, "Stop, Joe, stop!" I put on my brake and rode cautiously. A number of innocent cows had strayed on to the highway, and there was Phil, his arms affectionately entwined around the neck of an astonished cow, his bike reposing in the hedge some ten yards ahead. It's hardly safe to mention even condensed milk to him now. We saw no further meteoric display, but my faith in the omnipotence of the meteorological jugglers remains unswerving.

We rode silently for some five miles along the monotonously level road, when sharply turning a corner we perceived a yokel sitting on a gate. When we were opposite him Phil experimented with a double-barrel groan. The lover, at his trysting place, turned, saw two figures in white, which must of necessity be supernatural. He gave one shriek and elegantly toppled over backwards. I always have been puzzled by the phrase "kicking the bucket," but the manner in which that countryman's Devonshires swept into the air brushed all my wonderment aside. He simply did "Ze vaneeshing treek," and, in obedience to the Editor's stern dictum, I must do ditto.

T. J. R.

## OBITER DICTA.

"THE Hartley Students assembled in force, and were very lively." So says the local paper, but it unjustly omits all mention of the yeoman service the students did in popularising that noble anthem which has replaced even "Susan."

\* \* \*

A forlorn-looking man recently wandered aimlessly through the corridors looking sadly at every available hat-peg. To him came a sympathetic senior wearing the "red," and enquired his trouble. Then the junior unbosomed himself and poured out a tale of woe. His joy, his pride, his distinctive cap was gone. Loud and many were the sympathetic protestations of the senior, and sincere and deep his grief. But it was not until the sorrowing one had gone out in a borrowed cap that the sympathetic one found that he himself was wearing the missing headgear.

\* \* \*

The Engineering Conversazione poster certainly maintained the tradition of a Society always famous in this College for the excellence of its posters.

\* \* \*

Apropos of posters it is much to be regretted that a feeble-minded person finds joy and delight in making inartistic additions to the work of others. This may be due to a consciousness that his work does not merit a separate notice, but it is nevertheless annoying.

\* \* \*

Again, visitors frequently inspect the College posters, and it is decidedly hard on the remainder of the students if the College sense of humour is to be judged by these inane additions—such as those which graced the work of "Valentine."

\* \* \*

Normal Students wish to convey their thanks to the man student who compelled them to listen to his remarks for the space of thirty-five minutes in an atmosphere of  $\text{SH}_2$ !

\* \* \*

When a man has only brought sandwiches for dinner it is exceedingly irritating to have to partake of the foretaste of the good things provided for others in the shape of odours of cabbage, meat, and the humble onion which roll up from the lower regions at noon. A case is on record of a man who, after bringing biscuits for economical reasons, became unduly excited by these vapours, and immediately sallied out and purchased a three-shilling luncheon.

\* \* \*

A member of this College recently conducted a research—in the dark—with a view to finding out to what degree rays of light

were possessed of intelligence. He discovered that certain rays will go through thick and thin (aluminium) to reach a penny, but absolutely decline to pass it.

\* \* \*

Whilst the refuse destructor question is attracting so much attention in many towns, certain people in the College have discovered a much more expeditious method of disposing of undesirable accumulations. The College is swept just about the time that classes commence and cease so that the whole of the dust is conveniently carried away in the lungs and bronchial tubes of students.

\* \* \*

Certain inhabitants of Southampton persist in believing that Scientific Housekeeping forms a part of the Hartley College curriculum. Otherwise, they say, how can one account for the appearance in the High Street of two men with red caps, one bearing a two-gallon kettle and the other a gallon milk can?

\* \* \*

Those few persons who thought that their return to their homes on April 1st would be so singularly appropriate must feel annoyed at the postponement of the "breaking up." And it would have been such a good practical joke!

\* \* \*

St. Valentine's Day brought many surprises. Three young particularly anorous swains must have consumed a considerable amount of midnight oil whilst invoking the muse.

\* \* \*

Pictorial postcards continue in favour, if one may make inferences from the appearance of the College Notice Board. The College Statistician is at work, Chambers' and slide rule in hand, computing the amount of money which might be saved if spent in some other way.

\* \* \*

Why was the College Hall left draughty and cold throughout the winter months, whilst as soon as spring appeared a new boiler was put in?

\* \* \*

Was the boiler put in because spring had come, or did spring come because the boiler was put in?

SPECULATOR IN COLLEGIO.

## HOSTEL NOTES.

**W**HAT mean the excited faces, the anxious brows, and the rapid utterances; only another examination, a mere nothing, simply a paper to find out what you do *not* know; as if that is not already known to you without an examination. But wait! A sigh of relief escapes all—it was

only a mistake of the Department, affording no opportunity after all for brilliant productions. Therefore, fair maids, depart to your various homes in peace.

\* \* \*

Terminals will commence on——, but who cares for Terminals. Only weary-eyed, gaunt, and sleepless students are to be found smuggling books to their rooms, and in the study enveloped in a rug, nibbling a dry biscuit, and aided by the light of a candle, at any hour between 3 and 8 a.m., wrestling with Herbart or Quadratics, and moaning feebly "Why was Euclid ever born?" But think not, learned professors, that the terror of results is the cause of this—oh no, burning zeal, unquenchable thirst for knowledge and the love of work all serve to swell the band of early risers. No wonder the Hostel students always await their professors in the morning.

\* \* \*

Among its many other human or super-human attractions, the Hostel can boast of a genuine ghost. If there be any who doubt its existence, I assure such sceptics that the fact is above suspicion for it has both been seen and heard. For the sake of any who may be interested in the manners and customs that prevail among the so-called departed spirits, I will add a few observations on the ghostly manifestations: Our ghost differs from the ordinary type, in choosing as its especial abode the sunniest room in the house. Moreover, it has a great aversion to the dark, and invariably carries a candle on its nightly expeditions. This probably accounts for the excessive consumption of candles, and disproves the uncharitable insinuation of one who hinted that Hostel students sat up at night to study—a preposterous idea indeed. If they did so would they not cheerfully offer the lady superintendent two-pence per night for extra candles like any other conscientious student. But this is a diversion. To resume—our ghost is of a conservative nature, and does not follow the fleeting fashion of every moment; it has not yet adopted india-rubber heels, but walks at uncanny hours along the corridors with a great clatter as of high French heels. Thereby is opened up a wide field of speculation respecting the date of its entrance into the society of the departed. It opens and shuts doors aimlessly, flapping them too and fro, as if they were shaken by a strong wind, and then with a click, clack, retreats along the stone passage. Many and resolute were the intentions made of remaining awake all night to solve the mystery. But, alas, instead of the ghostly visitant arousing us to action, the sound that fell on our ears was the clangling of the gong and the scuffling of feet in the passage of thirty students hurrying into breakfast. However, the ghost has been very quiet lately. Perhaps spirits have examinations to pass and it is studying

hard, and so has no time to worry its poor human fellow sufferers. Here is another opportunity for the speculations of dreamers and theorists.

\* \* \*

The Hostel has seen many pleasant cheerful reunions after vacations, but never before had such dire tidings greeted us as on our return after the Christmas festivities. We were met with the alarming news that our lady superintendent, who has ever been the first to welcome us back to our beloved temporary home, was unwell. However, we were able to see her in her own apartments after tea, when we plainly saw that there only should we see her for some time. Many a thought we had during the next weeks of the "vacant chair," and all heartily joined at last and again rejoin in welcoming back to our midst, that lady who, in many ways, "helps to lighten our burdens," wishing her renewed health for her arduous duty of keeping 40 Hostel folks in the way of rules.



#### COMMON ROOM NOTES.

OUR Common Room is a little too common to be a complete success. Besides being a highway to the history class room, it is also used as a drawing room, the dim light which struggles bravely through the dirty window being considered especially favourable for shading. If the light is bad the air is worse. However much it tries fresh air cannot find an entrance, for the window cannot be opened. Add to these evils a slow-combustion stove delicately scenting the air with perfumes of sulphur, and what an inviting place a common room is!

\* \* \*

Preparations for making it look more habitable were begun, but now have come to a dead halt. A pair of curtains huddled in one corner looks like a criminal trying to escape hanging.

\* \* \*

The Common Room Committee thank the Engineering Department for the fender, which has proved effectual in saving the beautiful green carpet from the destruction which threatened it from wandering cinders; and also for the kindly interest which succeeded in obtaining a respectable coal-scuttle instead of the disreputable old box which graced the room before.

\* \* \*

The disadvantages of the common room are by no means entirely due to the room and its furniture. The students do not take sufficient interest in it. They will not even keep it decently tidy. Instead of regarding it as a place for social intercourse, they seem to look upon it as a general lumber room and a convenient place for having a last hasty glance at ill-prepared work.

## FROM OUT THE DEN.

THE popularity of the Common Room has not gone. Marvellous! To find consistency amidst so much inconsistency is truly wonderful. But, nevertheless, I am delighted to report a fact. Explanation is difficult to find.

\* \* \*

It may be that the artistic decorations on the walls, or the richly perfumed atmosphere, or the well-ordered yet careless appearance of the "den" have a peculiar and irresistible charm. But whatever it be, the fact remains many of the "weary and heavy laden" find rest from their labours in the sanctuary of the Common Room.

\* \* \*

It is a beautiful sight (I am speaking now of the sight which meets the eye at 11.15 a.m. on entering the "den"). It reminds one of the picture entitled "Mist o'er the Moorland," only that the scene can be hardly described as a peaceful one. But through the haze one can discern groups of intelligent youths eagerly discussing some philosophical, psychological, biological, or illogical question, other groups discussing the prospects of the Government for the coming session, but all engaged in what one may truly term intellectual recreation. What a pity such a sight is forbidden to the eyes of the professors, whose uncharitable opinions might then be modified.

\* \* \*

Up to the time of writing there has been no smoker this term. This is rather deplorable after the good start previously made. However, students have not found their Saturday evenings altogether slack, for soirées, etc., have been rather plentiful. Perhaps before the publication of this note, we may have opened our scoring sheet.

\* \* \*

It may be as well, perhaps, to take this opportunity of thanking those members who do their best to liven up the weary lecture hours. But it would be as well to remember that while the lecturers and lectured appreciate the good intention, yet they would prefer you, if possible, to devote your energies to a nobler cause.

\* \* \*

Talking of energy, it reminds one that during the past term there has been an epidemic of superfluous energy, as the broken chairs, pictures, etc., etc., will testify. It seems to have become a little less violent just now. I hope it will quickly disappear altogether.

\* \* \*

That the Men's Common Room is the most popular spot in the College, with the probable exception of the Library during the interval, is common knowledge. This popularity is due primarily to the fact that students can do anything they please so long as

they do not break the rules. A few of the wilder spirits took to breaking the furniture, and brought upon themselves a just and firm rebuke from the chairman. By this time the rules of the Common Room ought to be pretty well known, yet there are many with no notion whatever of order who will persist in leaving the property of the Room scattered about when a minute's labour is all that is wanted to replace anything used. Of course, in a Common Room a spice of disorder gives it an appearance of freedom which it ought to have. Nevertheless, disorder mustn't be destructive, and there is no rule which is in any way unreasonable.

\* \* \*

If any one should say that the popularity of ping-pong was on the wane, a visit to the H.U.C.C.R. would soon dispel that notion. No game can compete with it for popularity. In fact, this very popularity promised well for the financial ruin of the C.R.; the vigour and enthusiasm which all devotees put into the game accounting for the destruction of two or three bats every week. Hence the committee's decision that each member must provide his own bat. Many crude, yet substantial substitutes are now to be seen in place of the elegant but flimsy factory made article. A piece of an orange box makes a bat good enough for the purpose.

\* \* \*

The members of the C.R. owe a debt of thanks to their genial Vice-Chairman for the capital manner in which he finished off the new ping-pong tables.

\* \* \*

Finally, I would like to express my disgust at the following insult which was sent in to the Chairman of the Common Room:—

“The dungeon is a small one,  
The outside cold and mean,  
But all the things within that room  
Are the rottenest that I've seen.”

I would like the author of the above calumny to disclose his identity. The poetry is vile, indeed everything connected with it is vile (excluding the dungeon of course).

#### OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

AS was only to be expected with the growth of the College, a desire has arisen for opportunities whereby students may be brought into contact with one another after their College days are over. There exists at the present time an association for student-teachers, but it seems desirable to have one that will include all who have been at the College, and will thus cover a wider field.

A meeting of Old Students was accordingly held just before Christmas, and those present agreed that the time was opportune



to initiate an Old Students' Association. A committee was appointed temporarily to take the preliminary steps. The Principal kindly consented to act as President, with Mr. S. T. Clark as Treasurer, and Messrs. W. S. Jackson and H. F. Muir as Hon. Secretaries. The other members of the Committee are Miss Aubrey, Miss Kellaway, Messrs. D. R. Bennett, A. H. Clarke, J. H. Grapes, W. C. Myland, and J. B. Paterson.

As it is desirable that a number of old students should be consulted before fixing upon any definite plan of working, the Committee are trying to communicate with those with whom they were acquainted at College, and to gather suggestions. If any old student, who has not been communicated with, has any ideas to offer by which the advantages of the Association may be extended, the Secretaries will be glad to hear from him.

The movement has been taken up enthusiastically in London, and it seems probable that a branch will be formed there as soon as the Association at headquarters is in working order.

The Association must necessarily have a somewhat small beginning, but, if old students will only readily co-operate, it should soon be in a most flourishing condition.

O. H.

#### THE H.U.C. TEACHERS' (PAST STUDENTS) ASSOCIATION,

THE members of this Association are eagerly awaiting the Easter vacation, for then is to be held the second Annual Reunion. Last year, owing to the fact that only one year had finished its course, the numbers who came to re-visit old scenes were rather small. The gathering was none the less enjoyable however.

This year, with increased membership, an additional amount of pleasure is anticipated, and it is hoped that all the members will be able to meet and again renew the friendships of the past.

A meeting of the local members of the Association was held on February 7th at the College. It was well attended, and the business of the evening, the discussion of the Easter Reunion, was entered into with enthusiasm. The following programme was arranged:—

EASTER MONDAY.—Meet at the Hostel at 2.30 for a walk to North Stoneham. Tea will be provided.

A Committee Meeting at the College at 6.30.

A Reception by the Principal (Dr. Richardson) at 7.30.

Music and refreshments.

TUESDAY.—A Trip to Brockenhurst by brake. Meet at Hostel at 9.30. Provide own lunch. Drive back to Lyndhurst to tea.

WEDNESDAY.—The Annual Business Meeting at 11, to be followed by games, sports, &c. It is anticipated that the Tennis Courts will be available for this day.

A Dance at 7. Tickets, members 1/-; non-members 1/6.

THURSDAY.—A Trip to the Isle of Wight. It is hoped that permission to look over Osborne House will be obtained.

FRIDAY.—To be arranged for during the week.

The farewell Soirée will be held in the evening.

All the Day Students of the College are invited to join the members at any of the gatherings, but the names of those intending to be present must be given to the General Secretary.

That the Reunion may be bright and pleasant, and lasting in the memory of its members is the earnest wish of

EVAN BALDWIN } *Gen. Secs.*  
WALT. C. MYLAND }

### READING CIRCLE.

THE third meeting of the Reading Circle was held on December 6th, 1902. The subject was Sir Walter Scott's "Woodstock." Professor Hearnshaw was unable to be present, so the duties of leader were ably undertaken by Professor Masom. The portion of "Woodstock" read dealt with an episode in the life of Oliver Cromwell. The chapter gives Scott's opinion of the Protector, as he appears to one of the adherents of Charles, who seeks an interview with Cromwell, in order that he may satisfy his curiosity as to Cromwell's appearance and mode of conduct.

The reading was followed by a discussion as to how far Scott's estimate of Cromwell's character and motives was a true one. This subject proved highly interesting, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

The next meeting was held on January 10th, 1903, at which Professor Masom again presided. The subject before the Circle was Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." It was decided to read the play through, and then to enter into discussion. The first two Acts were read at this meeting. Act III. was read on January 31st, and the remaining two Acts were read on February 14th, 1903.

The reading of a play was a welcome change in the programme. The members of the Circle each took a separate character, which added greatly to the interest and continuity of the work.

The next meeting of the Circle was held on February 28th, 1903. The work read was "The Rivals" by Sheridan.

The attendance at the meetings has been good, and the interest in the Circle has been well sustained. It is hoped that the remaining meetings of the session may be as successful. The Circle will then be able to look back upon good work done of a pleasant as well as profitable nature.

HON. SEC.

## CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

THE advent of the University College has brought many changes, and the signs of the times all point to advancement, and not the least amongst the signs of our growing size and importance is the recent formation of a Chemical Society.

We cannot claim for ourselves that we are the pioneers in the formation of societies for serious work, rather than merely for recreation—the Engineers were before us; but we hope that our society will be able to compare not unfavourably with theirs as regards utility, although our numbers will naturally be somewhat smaller.

The inaugural meeting of the society was held on January 27th, when, after a short address by the President, Prof. Boyd, D.Sc., Ph.D., explaining the objects and ambitions of the society, a paper was read by the Vice-President, Mr. J. B. Paterson, on “The influence of moisture on Chemical Re-actions.”

Mr. Paterson first gave a brief historical sketch of the work that had been performed with regard to this interesting subject; illustrating his remarks with some very successful experiments—the success of which showed what great trouble Mr. Paterson had taken in the preparation of them, one of the essentials being that all substances used should be perfectly dry. Mr. Paterson then dealt with the various theories that have been brought forward to account for these phenomena, dealing in an especially interesting fashion with the electrolytic theory of Armstrong.

The subject was then thrown open for discussion, Mr. Dixon and Mr. O. W. Griffith dealing with the electrolytic theory from the point of view of the physicist.

\* \* \*

A meeting of the society was held on February 24th, when a paper was read by Mr. B. J. Sparks on “Optical Activity.”

Mr. Sparks first explained the formation of polarised light, then touching on the relation of tourmaline and Iceland spar towards this phenomenon, led up to the more strictly organic part of his subject, and dealt historically with the work of Pasteur and other investigators in this field. Passing from this, Mr. Sparks dealt with the theory of Van't Hoff to account for the nature of the experimental results. Mr. Sparks cannot be too highly complimented for the excellent way in which he dealt with this abstruse and difficult subject.

In the subsequent discussion several interesting points were raised, for the full elucidation of which, unfortunately, time did not allow.

ERNEST G. GRIFFITHS.

## BRITISH COLLEGE CHRISTIAN UNION.

**M**R. S. BAND, B.A., Travelling Secretary for the above Union, met the men students of the College on Friday evening, March 6th, for the purpose of laying before them the origin and work of the British College Christian Union, and with a view of forming, if possible, a branch of the Society in connection with the College. The meeting was fairly well attended. Mr. Alderson was voted the chair, and in the course of a few suitable remarks, introduced Mr. Band, who was warmly received.

The latter gentleman briefly and lucidly stated the origin and work of the Society. Having explained the object of the Union and the conditions under which it was established, the speaker dealt with the various departments, the methods of working adopted, and the results obtained. Following the address, Mr. Thomas proposed and Mr. Day seconded "That a branch of the B.C.C.U. be formed in the College." This was carried *nem. con.* The following were elected to form the Committee:—Mr. Alderson, Mr. Whitaker, Mr. H. E. Thomas, Mr. Farrant, and Mr. Pugh. The Chairman, on behalf of the students, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Band for his valuable address. Replying, Mr. Band said he had been amply repaid by seeing a branch of the Society started in their midst. He wished the branch "God Speed."

The Committee afterwards met and elected the following officers:—President, Mr. Alderson; Treasurer, Mr. Whitaker; Secretary, Mr. Pugh.

The Secretary would be pleased to receive the names of students wishing to join the Society.

D.W.P.

At a Meeting of the Women Students of the College, held at the Hostel on Thursday, March 5th, it was unanimously decided to form a branch of the British College Christian Union. Mr. Band, the travelling Secretary, had previously explained the motives and the workings of the Union, and discussion of several points had ensued. A committee of five was appointed, and these Mr. Band kindly assisted in the work of organisation by suggestions and outlines of programme followed in similar colleges. A general meeting of all interested has been convened, and a hearty welcome is extended to every woman student of the College to join the branch, which we trust will soon become a strong and active one.

L. CULL.

## COLLEGE SOIRÉES.

ON December 29th was held the First Annual Common Rooms' Soirée—held, as its name implies, for the purpose of providing the Common Rooms with the wherewithal to make themselves habitable.

An enjoyable musical programme was carried out, and games and dancing subsequently indulged in. During the interval, "The Play of the Common Rooms," specially written for the occasion by Professor Hearnshaw, was performed by a number of students. The appearance of the Common Rooms, their stringent regulations, and the disturbances of the outside world were taken and treated in a most laughable manner by the author; his representation of the library, and of the rules affecting the "goats unhallowed" and the "blessed sheep" were also very funny.

As a result of the entertainment a balance of £4 18s. 0½d. was divided between the Common Rooms.

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The Magazine Soirée was held on January 21st, in order to replenish to some extent the funds of the Hartley University College Magazine.

As at the Common Rooms' Soirée, Dr. Richardson occupied the chair, and commenced the proceedings with a few pertinent remarks as to the nature and value of the function.

The proceedings commenced with a musical programme—alike enjoyable to listeners and creditable to performers. Dancing and games followed, and a farce "Magazine Sidelights"—showing alike the trials of authors, editors, and committees, together with the avarice and tyranny of students' landladies—was performed by a number of students. The balance sheet showed a profit of £3 13s. 5½d., which was handed over to the Magazine Committee by the Secretary.

SECRETARY.

## PRESENTATION TO MISS BUTLER.

THE news of Miss Butler's resignation of her post on account of ill health was received with universal regret by the girls of the Pupil Teachers' Centre, and they unanimously determined to show their appreciation of her work among them during the last three years. Accordingly on Saturday, December 13th, all the members of the Centre and several of the Normal staff assembled in Class Room 2 to make a presentation to Miss Butler.

The Principal kindly consented to take the chair, and in his opening remarks expressed his sorrow that the College should lose so conscientious and painstaking a teacher.

Miss Laura Crabbe then spoke on behalf of the students of the Centre. She said how deeply they all appreciated the great

interest Miss Butler had taken in the Pupil Teachers and their work, thanking her in their name for the kindness she had always shown them; and asked her to accept from them all as a mark of their esteem a teapot, cream jug, and sugar basin, hoping that the gift would serve to remind her of her late pupils.

Miss Butler, in thanking them, said she would need no reminder of students in whom she took so deep an interest, but that she should value their present most highly, and especially the good feeling which prompted them to make it.

Prof. Chapple and Dr. Piggott also testified their appreciation of Miss Butler's devotion to her work, and expressed the hope—in which all the Pupil Teachers of the Centre heartily join—that her health will soon be restored.

E. R. A.

#### THE FOOTBALL CLUB.

**W**HEN fortune—who has ever had the reputation of being a fickle jade—frowned upon our efforts during the first term, it was confidently asserted that after Christmas had once passed and our injured men were sound again, things would take a considerable turn for the better. This hope, although it has not altogether been justified, has yet had a considerable measure of fulfilment, and we have no reason to be at all ashamed at the result of any match yet played this term.

The first game was played with Eversleigh, at Shirley Warren, when Eversleigh—rather to their surprise—were defeated by two goals to one. The game started with a series of equal exchanges, but shortly before the termination of the first half, Eversleigh scored from the right wing. However, after the interval, the College had much the better of the play and finally obtained the lead, thanks to Butters, who scored with two fine long shots. As before remarked, the result was a strong surprise to the Eversleigh club, who had put a strong team in the field, and—as one of their own men asserted—expected to beat us by 7 or 8 goals to nil. It was a very welcome beginning to the Collegians, and made more confident by this success, they journeyed next Wednesday to Romsey to play a league match with the Wednesday Club of that town.

The league referee as usual, was conspicuous by his absence, and the Collegians were left to the not over tender-mercies of a local official. In addition to this, a small cyclone was blowing across the ground during the game, rendering the remotest approach to scientific play practically impossible. However, in spite of the elements and of the referee, the

College emerged triumphant by 2 to 1. At one period, when the score was one all, the game looked very "rocky," and everybody was extremely relieved when Wade scored the leading goal. The team had so far lost no match in the league, and it was determined that no effort should be spared to maintain the unbeaten record against Civil Service, the champions of last year.

The game which was most keenly contested, however, ended in a victory for the Service by 4 goals to 3. The College, while admitting the good play of their opponents, can reasonably complain that they had the vilest of luck, whilst the Civil Service scored two goals from corners. The league referee was again wanting, but his place was admirably supplied by Mr. Hill. At the very opening of the game, Hartley attacked their opponents' goal, Howard and Butters shooting over, and although three corners were conceded, all proved fruitless. Then the Service gained two corners and most unexpectedly headed both through the goal, thus obtaining the most valuable lead of two goals. The Collegians, however, played up in a spirited fashion, and a cunningly placed shot by Hurst fell beyond the reach of the goal-keeper, and just before half time Perse equalised. On crossing over the Service scored another goal, but Methven ended a brilliant run by an equally brilliant shot, and things were again level. Then Butters sent in a fine shot and for a second it looked as if the match was won, but the shot struck the bottom of the bar, bounded out, and was cleared, and in a few minutes the Civil Service inside left had scored, leaving the Civil Service victorious.

Although greatly disappointed by this reverse, the College, nevertheless, determined to do their best to capture a point from Cowes Wednesday, but as a result of their journey to the "garden of England," they lost another match, being defeated by 3 to 1. It is only fair to add that one of these goals accrued from a penalty kick and that another was rather soft. This time there was a plethora of referees, no less than *three* arriving on the ground, neither of whom was the one originally appointed by the league.

The run of reverses continued, the College—who were without the services of Hurst—losing to Banister Court by 3 to 1. This was partly due to the smallness of the ground and partly to the superior combination of the Banister lads. Butters scored the one goal for the College.

After scratching several matches, on the 18th of February a league match was played at Shirley with Eastleigh Wednesday, which ended in a decisive victory for the College by 9 goals to nil. Once more the league referee was nowhere to be seen—they really seem to be men of a very retiring disposition—and the office was undertaken by Eastleigh's secretary, a gentleman

who evidently believes in a frequent use of the whistle. Eastleigh Wednesday started playing the one back game—the other back having wandered up to Shirley Warren, where he played for Civil Service Reserves against our 2nd XI., under the mistaken impression that he was playing for Eastleigh against our 1st. When the game had been in progress for 10 minutes, Methven dashed through and centred right across the goal mouth, Persse converting. The second goal came from a long shot by Methven which the goal-keeper fumbled, thus enabling Butters to put through. Two more goals were scored by Shearer, and shortly before half-time Butters again scored, the half-time score being—Hartley, 5 : Eastleigh, 0. In the second half the Eastleigh player whom I have mentioned above, discovered his mistake and rejoined his right team, and for a little while Eastleigh pressed, but the College soon regained the upper hand, and Butters scored two goals in quick succession. Farrant added an eighth point from a free kick, and Butters put through again, time arriving with the score—Hartley, 9 ; Eastleigh, 0.

The next match to be played is with Celtic Wednesday, and I hope that—before these lines are in print—there will be another victory to chronicle.

The second XI. have not yet won a match since Christmas, but they are on the way—they have drawn two.

The game with Civil Service Reserves was lost by 7 goals to 1, but faulty goal-keeping had much to do with this reverse, and it is only fair to add that three of Civil's first team were playing.

The drawn games were with Banister (3 all) and Civil Service (2 all). At Banister again, two at least of the goals should have been saved, and in the return match with the Service the College had much the better of the game, but the forwards developed a strong partiality for shooting over the bar instead of under it.

Nevertheless, the 2nd XI. has greatly improved since Christmas. Jackson and Atkey have both played earnest and determined games at half, whilst in the back division Wade has been of great service ; Pugh is the shining light of the forward line, and Gould—the captain of the team—has played exceedingly well in spite of injuries.

Let us hope that at least one victory will fall to the lot of the 2nd before the end of the season.

R. M.



## THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

THIS, until recently the only scientific society of the College, has had many successful meetings since the last issue of the magazine, and the attendance shows no signs of falling off.

Two meetings were held towards the end of last term, the first being on Saturday, Nov. 22nd, when Mr. F. Gyton dealt with the subject of "Rack Railways." The merits and demerits of the five principal systems of rack railways were clearly shown, and the author deserved the applause given him after victoriously struggling with a list of the almost unpronounceable names which some of these railways have to bear. The ensuing discussion was remarkable for a heated argument on the creeping of rails, in which our railway engineer distinguished himself. At this meeting Mr. J. F. Cubbin was elected a member of the committee, a vacancy having been caused by the elevation of Mr. A. Murray to the dignity of a vice-presidency.

A large and appreciative audience heard Mr. A. H. Clarke's paper a fortnight later, the topic being "Recent Irrigation Works on the Nile." It was an up-to-date paper read at a fitting time—only three days before the opening of the great Aswân dam. The three great irrigation works were described, viz.:—The Delta Barrage, the Asyût Barrage, and the Aswân Dam. The former is little known in England, being of French design, and is so unsatisfactory as to be almost useless. After the vote of thanks an interesting discussion took place. Questions were asked on the "overturning moment" and the effect on navigation, whilst Mr. While thought that the great work had not been advertised sufficiently.

The first meeting of the new year was that held on Saturday, Jan. 17th, to hear Mr. F. B. While on "Some Points in Workshop Management." This was an entirely new subject to the society, it being the first practical mechanical engineering paper read. Mr. While dealt with his subject as only an experienced engineer could, and he was particularly emphatic in his ideas upon the good derived from consultation with workmen. The concluding portion of his paper was devoted to a description of the capstan lathe. This wonderful machine, which has received much attention from the engineering world since it was put on the market some three years ago, was clearly described, and the murmurs of applause, from time to time, testified to the approval of the audience. Mr. While demonstrated the possibilities of such a lathe, some beautiful samples of its work being shown. The main points of discussion were the personal experiences of members of the audience, varying from turning to permanent way construction. The latter, although not quite to the point, was very acceptable, being given from an extremely practical point of view. Mr. While, in replying to the discussion and to the hearty vote of thanks accorded him, said he had been

requested to keep his paper free from scientific formulæ. This course, being almost unique, was much appreciated by the students present. Mr. While also gave his experience of the piece-work and premium systems. At this meeting it was announced that the honorary president for the ensuing year would be J. E. Wimshurst, Esq., M.I.M.E., M.I.N.A., superintendent engineer of the Royal Mail Company.

The soirée in the College probably accounted for the very small attendance at the open meeting held on January 24th. Mr. H. J. Brewer was, in the absence of the president and vice-presidents, elected to the chair, and he opened the meeting, by inviting anyone to bring forward questions of engineering interest for discussion. Short papers were read by Mr. F. G. Gyton on "The growth of Concrete," by Mr. H. S. Rowe on "Telpherage," and by Mr. A. H. Clarke on "Piles and Pile-driving." Mr. C. Paice brought up the question of the construction of Railway Cuttings. The meeting, although small, was enthusiastic, and, in addition to the above-mentioned members, the discussion was continued by Messrs. Elkington, Mason, and Goodall. A vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the proceedings.

On Saturday, February 7th, Mr. M. J. MacHaffie read an able and interesting paper on "Coffer Dams." The author started with a historical review of his subject since the time of Julius Caesar. After describing the general construction and use of coffer dams, Mr. MacHaffie explained his large and clear diagrams of those on the rivers Ribble and Thames, as being typical examples of the subject. The paper was well read and was greatly appreciated. Mr. W. R. B. Wiseman, in proposing a vote of thanks, referred to the use of coffer dams in the Babylonian age, and raised many interesting questions on the matter. Mr. Bennett also gave his experiences. The point as to the responsibility of the contractor in the case of sudden and unexpected rises in the water level was brought forward by Mr. A. H. Clarke. The author having suitably replied, the meeting terminated.

The Annual Meeting took place on February 14th. An account will be found in another column.

It was unfortunate that Mr. Goodall was called upon to read his paper on "Cable Railways and Tramways" before the glory of the presidential address had passed away. The attendance was not all that could be desired, there being a lack of outside members. The author treated his interesting subject in a most satisfactory manner. Dealing at the outset with cliff railways, Mr. Goodall went on to describe cable traction in general, and the Glasgow district subway in particular. A vote of thanks was passed on the proposition of Mr. Gyton, seconded by Mr. Rowe. The paper was severely criticised, and the author was subjected to close questioning, but in the ensuing discussion Mr. Goodall satisfied the many demands of his audience. RHO.

## ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held on Saturday, February 14th. The large hall had been decorated for the reception on the previous Tuesday, and the flags used on that occasion were still in evidence. A new feature had been introduced into the meeting, a musical evening being substituted for the usual large exhibition. A pianoforte solo by Mr. F. S. Stedman opened the proceedings. The Chair was taken by W. Matthews, Esq., Borough Engineer, and Honorary President for the past year, supported by J. E. Wimshurst, Esq., Prof. Eustice, Dr. Richardson, Messrs. Brooks and Wallan, and the Officers of the Society.

The Chairman introduced the new President, and congratulated the Society on their choice. Mr. Matthews vacated the chair, which was taken by Mr. Wimshurst amidst hearty applause.

The incoming President thanked the members for the honour they had done him in electing him as their Honorary President.

Dr. Richardson proposed that a hearty vote of thanks be accorded to Mr. Matthews. He said that they were pleased to see that the retiring President was enjoying good health again. The proposition was seconded by Mr. Clarke and carried unanimously.

Mr. Matthews in reply, said that he had been prevented from attending the meetings of the Society as often as he should have liked, but there was a good working President to take the chair during his absence.

Mr. Wimshurst then gave his presidential address. He commenced with a review of the progress of mechanical engineering during the 19th century. All business men should become specialists, but to a limited extent only. There is no branch of knowledge which cannot be followed with success by the engineer, but a sound theoretical training during the years of apprenticeship, and a thorough grounding in mechanics and physics are of great importance. It is advisable to become a member of a good scientific society, for to them may be attributed much of the general knowledge we now possess. Wireless telegraphy had been largely developed and would become useful as an adjunct to the cable companies. It would be advisable to construct, under our streets, subways for mains, &c., so as to do away with the frequent opening of the roads. The timber in Europe is being largely used up. Forestry was falling through as a trade, and it is a question for serious consideration whether the governments in our colonies should not control the forests. Marine engineering had made great strides. The original low pressure engines were mere vapour machines. The design of engines was kept simple, even in those twin-screw vessels requiring 40,000 h.p. for their propulsion. Turbines are a great success as regards speed, but a satisfactory reversing gear has yet to be invented. Liquid fuel is also successful. In ships there is a great economy in space, labour, and time of loading, but there is considerable risk of fire and explosions when liquid fuel is used. Coal has doubled in price in the last century, but oil fuels are easily procured, although it is doubtful whether the supply is as good as that of coal. In shipbuilding, labour saving appliances are extensively used. Ships are getting longer as time goes on, and they are now built under shelter in many large works. To procure sufficiency of bulkheads it is essential that the ship should float even if two water tight compartments were flooded. The waste in the calorific engine has long been known. To gas engines driven by gases, generated by the Mond or other systems, close attention should be paid. It is probable that the gas engine will largely supersede the steam engine. Southampton has great geographical advantages, and there is plenty of employment for skilled labour. There is to be a new electric lighting station, the cost of which should be carefully noted. In conclusion, Mr. Wimshurst said that the growth of education was due to a close observance of the laws of nature.

Professor Eustice proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Wimshurst, and presented the Society's Report. The success of the Society was due to its

energetic officers. There was a dearth of papers at the beginning of a Session. It was announced that Prof. Unwin, Sir William H. Preece, and Sir Alexander Binnie had consented to become Honorary Members of the Society.

Mr. Wallan seconded the proposition, which was carried by acclamation.

Mr. Wimshurst, in reply, said it was well that they should wander from the beaten tracks, and he should have much pleasure in inviting all present to an evening with "High Tension Electricity" on a future occasion.

Refreshments were then partaken of in the hall, after which the first part of the musical programme was entered upon, consisting of a piano-forte solo by Miss Ash, a song by Mr. M. G. J. McHaffie, and a violin solo by Miss Bumford, which was deservedly encored. During the interval the Physics Laboratory and Room No. 19 were thrown open.

In the physical department the high tension electric discharges, under the supervision of Mr. Butters, were the centre of interest. The vacuum tubes, sensitive flame, and rotating wheels were objects of admiration and awe. The Stephen's Rock Drill, probably new to most of the visitors, was carefully explained by means of the diagrams. There being no compressed air supply in the College, it was not possible to work the drill, but when the promised extensions in the engineering department are realised, that obstacle may be removed. The exhibition of electrical apparatus, the radiometer, and the revolving colour discs all had their quota of admirers. In the small classroom next to the Laboratory, Mr. Tucker was exhibiting X rays, and demonstrating their possibilities in a lucid manner.

In room No. 19 a number of microscopes and local prints had been carefully arranged. The slides of the former consisted of sections of rocks, met with in economic geology, and were, therefore, of interest to the engineer.

The local prints, of which the College has a fine collection, proved an attraction for many.

After the exhibition the concert was continued, Miss Burden opening with a song, "The Flight of Ages," which was encored. After a banjo solo by Mr. A. L. Kiddle, Mr. W. G. Thomas brought the music to an end by singing "Off to Philadelphia." Miss Ash and Mr. F. S. Stedman acted as accompanists to the satisfaction of all. A successful meeting, the third in the history of the Society, was brought to a close by "Auld Lang Syne."

ROWEMEO.

## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

DECEMBER 4th, DEBATE.—"*That in the opinion of the House women should be allowed a seat in Parliament.*"

The motion was proposed by Miss Butt.

Miss Butt referred to the House of Commons as a suitable place for the exercise of feminine wit; a remark in which most members concurred.

She concluded with an appeal to our chivalry and common-sense, two conflicting emotions.

Mr. Sparks opposed.

From the tenor of Mr. Spark's remarks one would have thought he was married, so cynical was he.

Miss Cavers seconded the motion, and was vehement—unkind people might say vindictive.

Mr. Pilley, who supported Mr. Sparks, was, like most gentlemen who spoke, brutal in his candour.

The subject was thrown open for discussion, and the following members took part in the debate:—Messrs. Slade, Green, Rowe, Thomas, Goodall, Russell; Miss Fellowes. Mr. Thomas referred to Adam and Eve, and other interesting people, but did not discuss the constitution of the Parliaments of their era.

Mr. Sparks replied. His remarks may be summed up in the lines he quoted:—

"What mighty ills have not been done by women:  
Who was it betrayed the Capitol——etc."

Miss Butt replied, and a vote was taken. For the motion, 22. Against, 22. Intense excitement prevailed; the House hung on the President's words—the motion was lost.

JANUARY 16th, DEBATE.—"*That in the opinion of this House the works of Darwin have contributed more to modern thought than those of Ruskin.*"

The motion was proposed by Mr. Morley.

Mr. Morley proved conclusively, to his own supporters, the motion before the House.

Mr. Day opposed the motion, and proved, equally conclusively to his own supporters, precisely the contrary.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Green.

Mr. Green showed how the application of Darwin's ideas had penetrated into everyday thought, and how the results of his work were to be seen in the luxuries of our civilisation.

Mr. Thomas seconded the opposition, and dealt with the ethics of Ruskin's work rather than the proposition before the House.

The following gentlemen spoke for the motion:—Dr. Piggott, Prof. Chapple, Mr. Griffith, Prof. Lhuissier, Mr. Alderson.

Mr. Griffith, while admitting that he himself was a great admirer of Ruskin, was, nevertheless, of the opinion that the works of Darwin had greater and more practical effect than had Ruskin's.

Mr. Day and Mr. Morley replied, and again proved conclusively to their respective supporters that they were right and everyone else wrong.

A vote was taken.

For the motion, 8. Against the motion, 12.

About 20 remained neutral.

The motion was lost.

FEBRUARY 6th.—"*That in the opinion of this House civilisation does not tend to happiness.*"

The motion was proposed by Mr. Paice.

Mr. Paice showed that engineering was a synonym for civilisation. The only logical conclusion to arrive at after consideration of his views and a glance at the motion he was proposing, was that engineering was directly opposed to happiness.

Mr. Goodall, in opposing the motion, specialised, and spoke on sanitary engineering.

Mr. Baldwin-Wiseman seconded the motion, and was funny.

Mr. O. Griffith seconded the opposition, and for the first time we realised what the motion was about.

The following gentlemen took part in the debate:—Messrs. Rowe, Whitaker, Green, Griffiths, Sparks, Long, Prof. Lhuissier, Dr. Piggott.

Dr. Piggott differentiated between quantity and quality of happiness, and showed how the advance of civilization increased the latter at the expense of the former.

Mr. Goodall and Mr. Paice replied, and a vote was taken.

For the motion, 18. Against the motion, 31.

The motion was lost.

FEBRUARY 20th, LECTURE.—"*Matter and Energy*," by Prof. Boyd, D.Sc., Ph.D.

We could not help feeling that the climax of the success of our society had been reached on the 20th, when we had the largest attendance ever known at any College Society, the hall being crowded by members and their friends to hear the remarkably able lecture of Dr. Boyd on "*Matter and Energy*."

Nor were those who had come, expecting great things, disappointed. From first to last the lecturer held his audience while he dealt with that most difficult of all things—a scientific subject to a non-scientific audience.

After dealing with the constitution of matter, the lecturer drew attention to the relationship between matter and energy, passing from that to consider the various forms of energy.

In connection with this part of the lecture, many interesting experiments were performed showing the motion of gases, examples of chemical energy, etc.

The lecture was illustrated with lime-light views, giving the portraits of great scientists to whose work the lecturer referred.

There was also thrown upon the screen a representation of the mercenary character of energy emanating from certain uranium compounds, in positively declining to pass through anything in the nature of a coin, even the modest copper proving sufficient to arrest their attention. We noticed a white space where the penny had been; we hope this does not point to dishonesty in any of the rays.

The applause with which the lecture was received amply testified to the appreciation and gratitude of all present.

FEBRUARY 27th, DEBATE.—*“That in the opinion of this House, the English Comic Paper of the present time is a disgrace to civilisation, and an insult to English intelligence.”*

Proposed by Mr. Rowe. Opposed by Mr. Green.  
Seconded by Mr. Thomas Seconded by Prof. Lhuissier.

The secretary was not present at this debate, and the following is copied from a member's M.S.S. :—

Mr. Rowe—Man cannot be forced to laugh—College lectures—comic papers—ice cream carts—tar boilers—no comic papers are found in resorts of the well-educated—bought by street boys.

(Observe the gradation to a beautiful climax).

Mr. Green—Heaps of statistics (great effect on audience—statistics always have—they savour of mathematics).

Spoke of “Punch” and “Judy” and quoted “Ally Sloper.”

Insisted that the English comic paper was not “Comic Cuts”—value of “Punch” as a censor—political cartoonist—excellent drawings.

Mr. Thomas regretted that elocution was wasted in the absence of logic. A sack tied at the waist with a loaf on the top. (What can this mean?).

Prof. Lhuissier referred to the value of the comic element in literature, and to the place of slang in language.

The following members also took part :—

For.	Against.
Mr. Sparks.	
Prof. Hudson.	Mr. Pitman,
	Dr. Piggott,
	Mr. Whitaker.

Mr. Sparks quoted technical logical terms and sat down suddenly.

The voting was—For the motion, 26. Against the motion 28.

The motion was therefore lost.

SECRETARY.

#### PUPIL TEACHERS' PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

THE Annual Prize Distribution of the Pupil Teachers' Centre was held on Saturday, January 24th. The Rev. Studholme Wilson presided, while the Mayor took the kindly part of presenting the Prizes. The Hall was decked, as is usual on these festive occasions, with a bountiful supply of flags. Many members of the Pupil Teachers' Committee, friends of Pupil Teachers, and members of the College Staff were present, but

this year one revered and beloved person was not with us; Mr. Rooper sent a letter of apology for absence, illness unfortunately keeping him away. In this letter, with his usual kindness, he wished us a happy afternoon and evening.

The proceedings began by the Hon. Secretary (Mr. A. J. Marshall) presenting to the audience the Inspector's Report, which seemed to be very good indeed. The Committee thanked all who had contributed in any to this result.

The Chairman then remarked, in a few well chosen sentences, on the satisfactory nature of the Report, and referred to the great help Mr. Rooper had given to the Committee, so great that he could venture to say that any success achieved by the Committee was mainly due to the work of Mr. Rooper. The College next received its share of praise from the Chairman. He thought that Southampton was not proud enough of her splendid University College, and he only hoped that more young people would in the future become Pupil Teachers trained at the College. The speech was received with great attention, and its conclusion greeted with loud applause.

Then the Mayor rose to present the prizes. The kind words of congratulation that he whispered to the lucky ones made all faces glow with the satisfaction of feeling that hard work in this world is sometimes recognised. Amidst a tumult of clapping the happy prize-winners passed up and down bearing the precious books, of which W. F. Pescod certainly took the lion's share. Some had "Lamb" and others "Bacon," but whatever they had were they not prizes, and therefore greatly to be loved and gloated over? At last the table, that before had groaned beneath its weight of learning, was cleared. The Mayor then said a few words congratulating the prize-winners upon their successes—both present and to come. He said he could not but congratulate those who, though not successful to-day, would be so to-morrow if they only persevered. He dwelt for a short time on the arduous task of a teacher, who has not only to obtain knowledge, but must spend many dull hours in learning how to impart it.

Dr. Richardson then proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the Mayor, who, as a member of the new Educational Authority, would have a most important duty to consider, namely, the training of Pupil Teachers. Amidst applause he said that he earnestly hoped the result would be that the Pupil Teachers' Classes at the Hartley would be continued.

The Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke seconded, and expressed her satisfaction with the good work done at the Centre.

The Mayor then responded.

A vote of thanks was also accorded to the Chairman on the proposition of Mr. R. W. Denness, seconded by the Mayor.

Business being over the guests partook of tea, while Pupil Teachers, gaily decked with rosettes, made preparations for the greater feast that was to follow. Their work was not arduous. What is easier than to fit



with a large tray, bearing many brimming cups of tea, across a hall of moving people, with a floor prepared for dancing? No accidents happened! What if a little tea were spilt on dresses! How willing and deft the waiters! See yonder lad struggling with a refractory bread knife (behind the tea table).

The tea came to an end, and chairs were arranged for an intellectual and more spiritual feast. Maidens were now to sing of love, and the piano to pour out its soul in subtle strains.

The "tides of music's golden sea" were delayed in their flow for a short time while Mr. W. F. Pescod, on behalf of the members of the King's Scholarship Class, 1901-2, presented Miss Aubrey with a token of their respect and regard for her—a framed photograph of the class, taken at the College, with several of the Members of the Staff in the group. In a few well chosen words Mr. Pescod expressed the feelings of the Class towards Miss Aubrey.

Miss Aubrey, who was completely taken by surprise, thanked, in the kindest and most appropriate words, the Pupil Teachers for their appreciation of her work amongst them.

Music followed, and then the Farce "*Ici on parle français*," a further account of which will be given below.

Then dancing ensued, and the M.C. was seen towering above the assembled crowds, a benign smile upon his countenance amongst the flags. Further away a more solid joy disports itself. The charms of "Rejection" and "Bobby Bingo" prove stronger than those of the dance. But people are tiring and supper time approaches. Again the waiters bring round the good things, while the trembling actors creep again to their den to be painted. Supper is ended and another farce is acted. After this the throng of dancers with redoubled energy sways around the hall, and the floors of the game rooms soon begin to tremble under the feet of them that circle therein.

But the golden hours have flitted and that tiny hand of the clock hangs over xi. Games are ended, and all join in a last dance to the strains of Auld Lang Syne. The party breaks up and passes away into the misty night.

It seems fitting that the farces so well rendered by casts chosen from the Centre should have a short note to themselves. The first one, "*Ici on parle français*," had been chosen for the same purpose, the Annual Soirée, five years ago, but it proved very pleasing notwithstanding, and amused the audience considerably.

For "*The New Tutor*" we give to Mr. Pescod, its composer, our hearty congratulations and unstinted praise. This, his first effort in the dramatic line, was written throughout with a character and force, which though perhaps at times crude, stamped it with the individuality of its author.

We must not forget the services of Mr. C. F. Welsh (late of the Hants Imperial Yeomanry, S. Africa), without which our dramatic performance must have fallen to a lower level, for his "getting up" and painting of our faces was by no means an unimportant factor in the success of the farces, and so well was his work done that their best friends would have failed to identify the actors.

\* \* \*

We have arrived at the last scene. In the silent hush of midnight, note yonder form that slowly creeps up the deserted street. In his arms he bears a huge brown paper parcel. What is it filled with? Perhaps with the spoils of some plundered house. Silently he passes along, groaning underneath his load. But he is stopped; the iron hand of the law is upon him. With trembling fingers he undoes that huge parcel. Behold in a confused heap, beard, trousers, paint, shining hat and other requisites for amateur theatricals. Oh! the pleasures of acting. The "law" goes away with a chuckle, and the weary wanderer again passes into the bleak night with that commingled mass of rubbish.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRESHER.—Your verses have been handed over to the College Song Committee, who will consider them along with others.

\* \* \*

## LATE NEWS.

CAMERA CLUB.—The Camera Club had an enthusiastic inaugural meeting on Monday, March 23rd. There was a good muster of men representing the various sections of the College. W. Richardson was unanimously elected Honorary President, Mr. R. Baldwin-Wiseman, President, and Mr. Gyton, Secretary; other officers were also elected, but space forbids the insertion of all names in this issue. Rules were drawn up and accepted, and the club seems likely to become firmly established.

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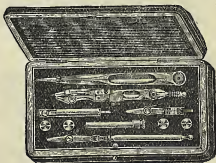
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